

The Bombay Guardian.

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WEEKLY REVIEW.

—We saw it very positively stated the other day that Mr. Spurgeon had said it was impossible for God to make a Baptist of a nobleman, and when we saw it we were quite sure that Mr. Spurgeon had been wrongly reported. What he did say we find in the *Christian World*, and it was this: It was the hardest thing in all the world for God Almighty to make a nobleman into a Baptist, and very rarely did it happen. But he had also said just before that God had given up the nobility. Had he authority for saying this? Perhaps he did not mean to be taken *an pied de lettre*, and meant simply that there was little ground for hoping that many of this class would be saved. Happily, there are earnest men of God and even faithful preachers of the Gospel among the nobility of England, and we trust that a good many more may be brought to the feet of Christ. The word of the Master is still verified: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven."

—REPORTS of a very cheering character concerning Dr. Somerville's work in Sydney have reached the *Melbourne Spectator*. As many as 6000 persons are said to have been present at some of the services. Mr. Varley was still preaching at Melbourne, Sept. 22. He addressed a mass meeting numbering 10,000, in the Richmond paddock. On the 18th, seventy men, of all ages, stood up to testify their decision for Christ. The Mid-day prayer-meetings continued to be well attended.

—OUR Rangoon contemporary *The Tower*, wishing to show the vanity of church organizations, asks in what modern church we see the discipline of the New Testament maintained, in the matter of covetous persons. Paul (1 Cor. v. 11) says: "If any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner, with such a one, no, not to eat." We do not see the force of our contemporary's argument. If a church fails in any one particular to follow the instructions given, we do not see that that church is to be altogether repudiated, or that the testimony of that church in other matters is without value. We have good reason to do what in us lies to obtain a recognition and a correction of the particular deficiency; but our Lord's epistles to the seven churches do not show that he rejects those that are defective. We remark however that the Apostle can only have intended the excommunication of persons whose covetousness had manifested itself in some tangible way. For instance, in 1 Tim. v. the apostle, speaking of widows who are eligible for church maintenance, says "If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." That is, if a church member has poor relations dependent on him, and has the means of supporting them, it would be a most culpable thing for him to throw the burden of their support upon the church. The covetousness, in such a case, is manifest and should be dealt with. The apostle never intended that the mere presumption of covetousness, or of any other wrong state of mind, should be a warrant for exclusion, knowing well that such a course would lead to injustice and an abuse of authority. We may further remark that in Ephes. v. 3, Col. iii. 5 and elsewhere, the

apostle, by the word 'covetousness,' means to refer to that which is first specified in the tenth commandment.

—IN our notice of the tract about pastor Kramer's secession, we said that the words "Whither I go ye cannot come" were addressed not to the disciples but to the unbelieving Jews. It is also true, however, that they were repeated by our Lord in addressing his disciples, John xiii. 33.

"Little children, yet a little while I am with you. Ye shall seek me; and, as I said unto the Jews, whither I go, ye cannot come, so now I say to you."

It is obvious however that the words are used in another sense. In the case of the Jews the barrier was unbelief. Peter said, Lord whither goest thou? Jesus answered, whither I go, thou canst not follow me now, but thou shalt follow me afterwards. Our Lord wished his disciples to understand that while he was to be withdrawn from earth, in body, they were to remain here for a season. A time was coming when they should glorify him by their deaths; but meanwhile they were to have the privilege of remaining and carrying on the work of the Gospel. Hitherto they had been the companions of Jesus, and were so in the habit of relying on his guidance, that the slightest intimation of his intention to depart, filled them with alarm. It was necessary that they should be made clearly to understand (1) that he was to leave them; (2) that they were to have the guidance of the Spirit, and the presence of Christ apprehended by faith; and (3) that they should after fulfilment of their work here, be received by him unto himself.

—OWING to the depression of business the receipts of the American Board, which has three missions in India, have been seriously affected for several years. At the close of its financial year in Sept. 1876, its debt amounted to more than \$30,000, and by Sept. 1st of this year the debt had been increased to nearly \$48,000. At the annual meeting, which was held the first week in Oct. it was feared that the appropriations for next year might be seriously cut down in order not to increase this large indebtedness. Greatly to the surprise and delight of the friends of the Board, by a special effort made during the meeting \$51,000 were raised, or more than enough to clear off the entire debt, and a considerably larger sum than usual was voted for next year's operations. The constituency of the Board includes about 3500 churches, so that the appropriations for foreign missionary work give an average of nearly \$20 for each church, supposing that every church contributes something.

—IN view of a request received from Melbourne some time ago, the Young Men's Christian Association has arranged for meetings to be held all through the last week of Nov. i. e. Nov. 25th—Dec. 2nd. Fuller particulars will be given next week, but the plan includes the following meetings.

MONDAY,	Nov. 26th	at the Falkland Road Hall,
TUESDAY,	" 27th	" Baptist Church,
WEDNESDAY,	" 28th	" St. Andrews,
THURSDAY,	" 29th	" Girgaum Mission Ch.
FRIDAY,	" 30th	" Y. M. C. A. Rooms,
SATURDAY,	Dec. 1st	" Free Church.

It is suggested that on the Sabbaths proceeding and following this week of Prayer the sermons in each of the churches should have special reference to young men.

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THE RESTITUTION OF ALL THINGS. I.

THE account of creation given us in Genesis, rather should we say perhaps, of the preparation of this world for man's abode, closes with the words, "God saw every thing that he had made, and behold, it was very good." Among the things that God had ordained was the family institution. This too was very good, admirably adapted to diffuse happiness among men and glorify the Creator. Incalculable blessings were certain to flow from it through all coming ages, on the one condition that man should continue to occupy his right relation to God. We see the parents taught of God, walking with God, living for God, and regarding themselves as stewards, bound to administer all things in accordance with the will of God: Their own will was not yet a usurper; they looked upon all the forces within their reach as to be used under the direction of God. Had they continued in the path of rectitude, children would have been given to them to be trained for the service of God. In the infant there are simply, as it were, the germs of capacities, to be developed under the fostering care of the parents. The child is to be moulded, physically, intellectually, and spiritually, by the parents. They have the making of it. Its future is in their hands. The Creator has inspired them with a tender love that causes them to find their own happiness in seeking the highest good of their offspring. And this very love of theirs, with the consciousness of their own short-sightedness and insufficiency, will naturally lead them to wait upon God for that only wisdom which is adequate to the demands of the case. The piety of the parents will be reproduced in the children; the tendency will even be to secure a constantly augmenting piety. We see then how admirably adapted the family institution is to secure the highest development of the race and the greatest amount of blessing.

But man abode not in his right relation to God. He did not choose to act as the vice-gerent or steward of God. He would be his own Master. In departing from God, he took with him the entire organization of Society, and in consequence that which would have been so supreme a blessing to the world, became a curse. The family institution is disconnected from the will of the All-wise God, and is connected with the will of a poor blind mortal. The gifts of God are without repentance; God never retraces his steps. He had given man the power to multiply, and he does not revoke the gift. He had ordained that the little ones should be given in all their weakness and ignorance into the hands of the parents to be moulded by them, and he does not cancel this act of confidence. Of this and of all other relations of life, the secret of blessing is in the fact of stewardship. Stewardship fulfilled is blessing unspeakable, expanding through thousands of years; stewardship betrayed is a corresponding curse. The remedy for this curse is not in a dissolution of the bonds that bind children to their parents, to follow their own caprice, but in a return of all to God.

When we deeply consider the matter we see that the perpetuation of the various forms of

heathenism through so many thousands of years, is due to the family institutions. The little ones present their natures as a *tabula rasa* to the parents, or as a photographic plate, to receive the impressions made by their looks, tones, words and acts, and as a matter of course the religion of the parents becomes theirs. There may be many things in the religion from which an adult would shrink back, shocked at the manifest falsehood; but when communicated in infancy and childhood, in forestalment of any higher perceptions or convictions, the whole mind and conscience are brought under their power, and thus the hereditary religion becomes a law written in the natures of those thus influenced. And we may generally observe that the perpetuity of a religion is very much in proportion to the strength of the family tie secured by it. In China the regard for parents has become almost the sum and substance of religion. Thus we heard lately of a woman who murdered the wife of her own son, and although this son greatly loved his wife and grieved for the loss of her, yet public opinion required that he should accuse himself of the crime and suffer in his mother's stead, rather than that she should suffer the penalty of the law; and when he consented to do this it was thought such a creditable instance of filial piety, that the Emperor himself made honourable mention of the fact in a public decree. In India we behold a monstrous system of polytheism allowed, by means of the family institution, to obfuscate and demoralize the minds of the people for thousands of years.

We are prepared now to understand the full significance of the words of Jesus Christ: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me." We see at what tremendous odds the Gospel enters into conflict with the religions of the world. But is not omnipotence on the side of the Gospel? The Gospel disclaims power; it is a substitution of love for power; The very thing it has to contend with is man's reliance on power; and it might almost be said that omnipotence is on the side of false religion, seeing that everything known by the name of power lends itself to the maintenance of the existing religions. What subdues the will of man is not power but love; what we preach is Christ crucified. Against this Gospel is the tremendous and almost invincible strength of the family institutions. The divine beauty that belongs to this institution, the peace, the love, the reverence, the confidence, the security, the prosperity that attend it, all this is used to fortify it against any outside assailant, and to make his assault appear the perfection of wickedness. Christ knew this perfectly; yet he requires of every one who would be his disciple that he should subordinate all to his will and even trample under foot these sacred ties if they come between the disciple and the master. When any system has got thoroughly inwrought into the fabric of society, there is no means of attacking it without wrenching and apparently imperilling society. Thus it was with slavery. The abolitionists of America seemed to be doing more harm than good, and it even appeared as though the situation of the slave were made worse by their action; but that their testimony was needed, no one can now deny. So there is terrible offence given, when the Gospel of peace proves the means of rending families; it seems as though it were making a desert wherever it fell; but the hope of the world is connected with this rupture of family ties. Christ is the second Adam and in him all is to be constituted anew, upon the original basis of God first and the parent next, not the fifth commandment in the place of the first.

WHOSOEVER. XIII.

"WHOSOEVER speaketh a word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." Matt. xii. 32.

Jesus had wrought a wonderful miracle. One possessed with a devil, blind and dumb, had been brought to him. It was a pitiable object. When sight is taken away, our being is shorn of one of its noblest endowments; a pall comes over the face of universal things; the glorious fiat of God, Let there be light, is followed by the awful word, Let there be darkness. But the poor creature has still another loss to sustain; the faculty of speech is taken from him; the power of communicating with his fellow-men. We have an example in our own-day of one deaf, dumb and blind, with whom by persevering effort, communications have been established and to whom instruction has been imparted,—Laura Bridgman, though the deprivation of sight, hearing and speech still continues. But the poor man who was brought to Jesus, in addition to his dumbness and blindness, was possessed by a devil. A foreign and malignant spirit had entered into him to deprive him of the benefit even of those faculties that were left to him; as when some pirate boards a vessel and taking possession of her, seizes the helm and directs her whither he will. Jesus healed him by a word. The light of day broke upon him; he saw his fellow-beings, saw Christ; heard his speech; was conscious of an inner freedom and tranquillity. All the people were amazed. It was a wonderful exhibition of divine power, of the very power that had called creation into existence. The unsophisticated did not need to be told what power this was. The Pharisees were not so void of understanding that they could not see the real nature of this power; but they chose to employ their ingenuity in considering what would follow if they confessed it to be divine; they would then be obliged to recognize Christ as the Messiah, to receive his instructions, to acknowledge that they had been blind leaders of the blind and unfaithful stewards of the mysteries of God. Their craven natures took alarm, and they doggedly determined to embrace the monstrous alternative of attributing the work of Christ to Satanic influence. No contemporary of Christ denied that he had actually wrought these wondrous works; and for three centuries the opponents of Christianity could not but admit that they had been wrought, while they clung to the absurd explanation of the Pharisees. Our Lord in his reply states that these miracles were wrought by the Spirit of God: "If I cast out devils by the Spirit of God then the kingdom of God is come unto you." We must particularly notice this expression for it gives the clue to the meaning of the words placed at the head of this paper. He makes a distinction between works performed by the Son of Man, and works performed by the Spirit of God. In reality the works of the Son of Man were those of the Spirit; but there were circumstances that allowed of a distinction. Jesus was a man; had a body of flesh and blood; he was only in one place at a time; was visible, corporeal, compassed about with infirmity, had a mother, brothers, sisters, had been brought up in Nazareth, as a carpenter; he had no visible glory. They that saw him might be excused for not at once seeing in him the fulness of the Godhead, and for finding difficulty in reconciling his works with his appearance. What he says to them is virtually this: In speaking as you do, it is not simply myself that you speak against; it is not merely Jesus the son of Joseph that you accuse of being in league with Beelzebub. This miracle of healing has been wrought by the Spirit of God that dwelleth in me; and for you to attribute it to Satan, is not merely an imputation against me, but an imputation against the Holy Spirit. No greater outrage can be offered to the Godhead than to allege that the gracious work of the Spirit is caused by Beelzebub. God himself has come down to emancipate this poor captive, bringing him out of darkness into his marvellous light, and if you can ascribe this sublime deliverance to Satan, what work of God is there that you may not malign? If you cannot recognize the Spirit of God when he comes near to you in such an act of manumission, how will you be able to recognize him when he comes to convince you of sin, righteousness and judgment? You will not be able; and conse-

quently there remains no hope for you. He that comes near to you with pardon, you declare to be a messenger from hell; what hope is there then for you?

Let us get hold of the principle couched in this declaration, and ascertain its bearing upon ourselves. When there is a clear demonstration of the power of the Spirit, comparable to that mentioned, when, for instance, we witness the outpouring of the Spirit upon sinners, transforming them and making them new creatures, so that we see in them the works of the flesh replaced by the fruit of the Spirit, and then speak against the work, ascribing it to fanaticism and folly, and thus endeavouring to prejudice people against it and to hinder its progress, we seem to be pursuing the path against which our Lord so solemnly warned the Pharisees.

NOTICE.

From a Friend at Dehra Doon Received Rs. 75 for relief of the starving poor in the Betigari District.

Epitome of News.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

—*Bombay Gazette*: "Captain Searle has, we hear, been appointed by the Government of India to succeed Captain Robinson in the office of Superintendent of Marine at Bombay. Captain Morland has been appointed Master Attendant in Captain Searle's place."

"There are many ways of spending two years' furlough, but perhaps it does not occur to every-body that they might go and spend part of their time with the Livingstonia Mission in Central Africa. A Public Works officer from the Punjab has gone there; after working eight years on the Sirhind Canal, he hopes to find relaxation on the shores of Lake Nyanza. He has placed his services at the disposal of the Mission, and is now surveying a road in those parts. The Mission wishes other Indian officers would follow his example."

—Last night H. E. the Governor entertained the officers of the Bombay Volunteers at dinner at Malabar Point.

—*Madras paper*: "Last Saturday, a Sanyasi died at Nurrie, Palghat, and was buried the same evening in a bed of salt, after the fashion known to those conversant with the Weld case. In the present instance, however, no attempt was made to pollute the water of any tank, probably because there was no tank conveniently situated for the purpose. When the saint (himself one of the "salt of the earth") had been duly pickled, with only his head left out, more than a thousand cocoanuts were broken on his head, and these were afterwards eaten—being supposed to have particular virtue, particularly in the case of barren women. The state of the holy man's own "cocoanut" may be imagined. Amongst the crowd gathered at this revolting ceremony were a considerable number of schoolmasters and school-boys, whose education seems to have done them very little good."

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12.

—*Times of India*: "An enquiry was held before the magistrate of Naggery yesterday, regarding a collision on the railway line on Friday. The result is not yet known. Accounts as to the cause of the collision are conflicting. Driver Howe died in the General Hospital yesterday. One European, James McCormick, was killed outright; also three Hindoos and one Parsee. The names of the latter are yet unknown. Five of them are in hospital. Williamson, Burke and Crawford are now in hospital. They were proceeding to Bombay from Madras to join a ship homeward bound. It is confidently stated that the engine-driver is not blameable. He has left a wife and several children behind him."

"We learn that the Government have resolved to suspend their decision upon the question of permitting the Madras Harbour works to go on until the explanation guaranteed by Mr. Parkes has been submitted to the test of experience, which must soon happen with the present wind and current."

—The "rum drinking mania" is said to be assuming dangerous proportions in Madagascar, causing a frightful increase in violent crimes. Small-pox is also raging in the island.

—The anonymous contribution of Rs. 1,200 has been sent to the Commissioner of Dacca for the Madras Famine Fund. The fact is worth noticing, as we so seldom hear of large anonymous contributions for any purpose in this country.

—The number employed on famine relief works is now 42,349, which is 12,478 less than during the previous week. The Statement for the week says, "orders have been issued for the closing of all relief works at the end of the current month."

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13.

—*Bombay Gazette*: It may not perhaps be generally known that since the establishment of constitutional monarchy in Portugal, more than forty years ago, the Indian Colonies of that State, more highly privileged than those of free England, claim the right of sending members to the Parliament in Lisbon. At the present moment the settlements of Goa, Damaum, and Dia are discussing the question of deputation two most eligible persons to the Portuguese Parliament for the next term which begins in January 1878. We learn from the *Gazeta de Barden* of the 3rd instant, that one of the electoral circles is anxious to vote for Dr. Gerson da Cunha, whose ability, oriental erudition, and knowledge of the Portuguese in India and their manners and customs, may certainly be of service to the electors.

—Whatever be the course pursued by President MacMahon, there is no doubt that M. Gambetta's famous alternative of "*se soumettre ou se démettre*" will be remembered among the neatest of French phrases. It may, then, be well to place on record, that, while Gambetta merits all the praise which he has received for giving utterance to it, the credit of originating the phrase is due to Thiers. He gave utterance to it in conversation with the young chief of the Republican party, and the latter had the wit to turn it to the best account."

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

—*Bombay Gazette*: "The shipmasters now in the port of Bombay, feeling the pinch of bad times, have met to consider the subject of seamen's wages, and the conclusion they have come to is, that a reduction of about 16 per cent. ought to be made in that particular item of a ship's expenditure. A resolution was passed the other day to this effect, and the co-operation of all shipmasters in this port is invited to enforce this new scale of wages. The captains say that it is unreasonable that they should be burdened by a number of surplus men while lying in harbour idle seeking freight, and that it is besides a hardship that they are compelled to re-engage men when wanted on terms higher than they could be got in the open labour market. It remains to be seen whether Jack can be talked over to accept the reduction agreed upon by his masters; though if it come to a "strike," he odds are he will go under."

"When the Dhond and Munmar State Railway was commenced as a relief work, it was stated that the whole line would be completed by January next, "providing the materials (for permanent way) were forthcoming." The able and energetic Engineer in Chief, Mr. Izatt, anticipated doubtless the tardiness of the home authorities in shipping the rails, and he therefore brought the subject to notice, not relaxing, however, in pushing on the earthwork, cuttings, and embankments, &c., all which are now nearly completed. The want of material for the permanent way now occasions delay. Inspectors and their workmen are at a standstill. It is vexatious to hear that two ship loads of small stores have been the first to arrive, instead of pot sleepers and rails. Two ships with this material are however, now expected, but these consignments will only complete about ten miles of permanent way. At this rate of progress, the Dhond and Munmar railway will not be completed till January 1879."

—*Times of India*: The Great Tay Bridge has just been successfully completed. It is the largest, highest, and greatest in the world. Ships in full sail can pass beneath its girders, and one of the most important estuaries in Britain is spanned, not over at river, but at its sea mouth.

—*Deccan Herald*: The Annual Meeting of the Poona Native Church connected with the Free Church of Scotland, takes place this afternoon at 5 o'clock, in the usual meeting place, Bazar School. It will be an interesting meeting to those who rejoice in any work which has for its object the improvement of the natives of this country, but especially to those who desire that Christian work among them may succeed.

"The price of good grain in the Bazar still keeps up. Bagerie sells at eight seers for the rupee, though old fusty bagerie can be had cheaper. Wheat is selling at 11 seers per rupee, but the natives will

not take it as a substitute for bagerie. The Banyas say that they will not lower their prices till the new grain comes in. They had better take care lest they have their old grain left on their hands. We observed the smell of fusty grain at the railway station shed the other night. Such grain is bought by the very poor in the bazar."

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

—*Dnyanodaya*: We are happy to be able to announce that the American Mission has now in contemplation the publication of several important works in the vernacular, which will prove very useful to the native Christian population, and we hope to many others also. The largest of these books is a Marathi translation of the Koran prepared by Rev. Kasam Muhammadji of Satara. He has spent much time on the translation, and as the whole work is to be carefully examined and revised before it is published, it will unquestionably be found to be a work of lasting value. A prize book, the "Family Friend" was issued a few months ago; and another prize book, the author of which is the Rev. Ramkrishna V. Modak of Amadnagar, will be put to press at once and published as soon as possible. A volume of Christian biographies is nearly ready and we hope will see the light in the course of next year. Besides this, the Hymn-book published by the American Mission, of which no copies can now be had, is to be reprinted immediately. We hope that smaller books and tracts for general distribution will also be forthcoming from this source.

—*Mayfair*: "Field-Marshal Count von Moltke, who can be silent in nine tongues, the other day made use of one of them to observe: 'The war between Turkey and Russia is a war after the style of the Thirty Years' War, rather than one after the present fashion, where a few powerful blows must decide.'"

—Some time ago the German Government, for patriotic and economic reasons, decided to make its Mauser cartridges at home. It was found, however, during the recent manoeuvres that the Mauser rifle often missed fire, a misfortune attributed to the defective state of the cartridge. Germany is accordingly going back to America for its 'cartridges,' ordering them from the factory of General Berdan.

—*Overland Mail*: The pecuniary cost of the late elections in France is an interesting subject now that the more important consideration of the result in a political point of view has been in a measure arrived at. In the whole of France there are 35,989 communes, each being an electoral centre; and added to these there are 2,000 supplementary electoral sections, making a total of close upon 38,000, all of which were in active operation on Oct. 14. As each voting-place is provided by law with a president and secretary and four assessors, no fewer than 228,000 citizens were employed on the day of the elections. The scrutiny and counting of the votes were performed by these officials in all cases where the number of voters did not exceed 300—that is to say, in about 30,000 communes; but when the constituency was more numerous, supernumerary officials were appointed, and this raised the total number of these officers by about 10,000. The expense incurred both by the State and the various candidates was naturally large, and may be imagined from the machinery employed. The *Débats* calculates that on an average each candidate's expenses amounted to about 15,000 fr., or 600*l.*: and as there were no fewer than 1,033 candidates, that the total cost to them alone, without any reference to what had to be paid for by the country, could not have been less than 15,000,000 fr. or 600,000*l.* The *Débats* moralises—"It is plain that universal suffrage is a sovereign which, although possessing no civil list, is far from rendering its consultations for nothing."

—The Drainage Commission held a meeting in the Town Hall yesterday. Mr. Rienzi Walton, the Executive Engineer explained more fully his plan for draining Bombay. These plans include Malabar Hill, the Fort, and Colaba. Mr. Walton's latest estimates, made up on the basis of current rates instead of theoretical rates, are 37½ lacs, instead of 44 lacs as previously estimated.

—There are now fourteen societies appealing to the nerve failing benevolence of the British public in connection with the War.

—Mr. Gladstone has met with such a cordial reception in Ireland that he has been induced to make at least one speech.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16.

—*Times of India*: "A military correspondent of a German paper suggests that the retirement of Sulaiman Pasha from the line of the Lom towards the interior of the Bulgarian Quadrilateral may only be

preliminary to an offensive counter stroke from Silistra against Kalaraj and the Russian communications through Roumania. Such an enterprise would, the writer admits, require skilful leadership and good troops for its successful execution, but in many respects the situation is favourable for the attempt. A comparatively small force, based on Rustchuk, Rasgrad, and Schumla, and occupying carefully prepared and artificially strengthened positions, ought to be able to hold its ground against any attack that could be developed against it by the army of the Czar-witch; and, therefore, a sufficient number of troops would be available for the execution of the offensive enterprise. And even were this latter only partially successful, or not pushed to any great extent, the very fact of its being undertaken, would oblige the Russians to send back large numbers to the left bank of the Danube, and would create a feeling of insecurity and uncertainty in the minds of their leaders. Roumania also being threatened, the Roumanians, already according to all accounts not particularly well disposed towards their allies, would become still more dissatisfied with their position, and might insist that at all events, their own army under Prince Charles should be recalled for the defence of their country."

—*Bombay Gazette*: We are glad to be able to state that the works on the Dhond and Munmar Railway promises not to be so backward as a paragraph we published a few days ago alleged that it would be. We are now informed that everything is in good train; that two ships with pots and rails sufficient for ten miles of permanent way have arrived, and nine more vessels are expected; that three consignments of stores, &c., have come to hand; and that, last, not least, should no unforeseen hitch occur, the line may be expected to be completed by the 1st March next.

"The cause of the late fatal collision on the Madras Railway, incredible as it may appear, is said to be in consequence of the assistant station master having given the guard and driver of the 1-35 p. m. mail messages to their address which had never been sent to him. He had inserted, it is stated, in a message, referring to another train, the hour 2-45; and of course the guard and the driver were justified in accepting the message as genuine and acting upon it. The fireman of the mail train, who was a native, was, at the time, in front of the engine, oiling the cylinder. After the collision this unfortunate fireman was found between the engines completely smashed, only an arm being found, and the rest of his body being wholly roasted with the heat from the engines."

—At the soldiers' industrial exhibition at Lucknow the first prize for the best general collection was awarded to the 1-5th Fusiliers, and the second to the 63rd Regiment. Amongst the articles of which special mention was made, was a model of a portable suspension bridge, the invention of Sergeant McQueen, R. E., who was induced to turn his attention to this subject in consequence of the difficulty and delays experienced in the Daffa Expedition, owing to the want of means for crossing streams and torrents. It is said to be very ingenious.

Truth:—We hear that the position of Baker Pasha on the Lom is by no means an agreeable one. The Turkish officers are bitterly jealous of all Europeans, and particularly of Englishmen. Sulaiman Pasha, although he has a great respect for the energy and intelligence of Colonel Baker, fears that he will be obliged to send him back to Constantinople.

—The number of deaths in the city during the week ending Tuesday, the 13th, was 634, which was 155 more than in the previous week, 348 more than the total of the week ending Nov. 14th 1876, and 307 more than the weekly average during the past five years. There were 240 deaths from remittent fever, and 4 from cholera. During the week 271 births in the city were reported.

Miscellany.

—Congregationalist:—

"There is some danger that the nature and moral enormity of the offense that a man commits when he refuses or fails to pay a debt, may not be always had in mind. When one man borrows money of another; he makes a promise to repay it under certain conditions. If he fails to make this repayment, except under a necessity he can in no wise control, he is a liar; he has not done what he said he would. But he is more than that. He has taken the man's money, which would never have been given him except under this promise to repay, and has put it to his own use, without return to the owner. He is a thief. Furthermore, as to the lying, he lied in the matter of a promise, making it a breach of trust; as to the stealing, he stole under a false pretence, and with a cloak of honesty. He is a mean kind of liar, and a mean kind of thief."

—From an account of the last hours of M. Thiers :

On the day before his death, last Sunday, he went out for his usual walk on the terrace of St. Germain, and, meeting a little girl who seemed to have put herself in his way in the hope of attracting his notice, he kissed her and patted her head.

He passed Sunday quietly, as he had passed the day before. On Saturday he had done nothing more fatiguing than to pay a visit to Meissonier, the painter, at Poissy. Art was one of his darling subjects, and it was always holiday time with him when he talked on this theme. He admired some works he saw at Poissy very much, complimented the painter (as he had done before) on his portrait of Dumas in the Salon of this year, and promised one day to give him a sitting for another work of the same kind. Meissonier had that sitting, and sooner than he expected. On Monday he was for three hours by his friend's bier drawing the dead face.

On Sunday M. Thiers went to bed early, knowing that he had a busy day before him on the morrow. It was the day of the appointment in town with Gambetta for the drawing up of the manifesto. It was one of his mornings of factitious activity. He rose at five, and after taking coffee, went out for his first, and as it proved, his last walk—leaning on the arm of his valet, Morel. A friend from Paris, Admiral Pothuan, joined him on the terrace, and advised him not to expose himself to the chilling air. Morel had previously given him the same advice—both perhaps noticing a change in him. He laughed and said he never felt better in his life. "I could walk ten leagues, but don't be afraid, I am not going to attempt it. I must go in and work." He sat down at 8.30, and read and wrote till midday, when breakfast was served—a little earlier than usual, as he wanted to catch a particular train.

He ate pretty heartily until his dessert was put on the table, and then he refused a peach, a fruit for which he always had a particular liking. At the same time a terrible change came over his face, and Mme. Thiers and Mlle. Dosne, her sister (a lady who has for years been a member of the family), ran to his side. At first he tried to make little of it—"I feel ill at ease"; but the next moment he said "I am suffocating," and this was about the last word he spoke. They led him to an easy chair and opened the window. A doctor of St. Germain was sent for, and by his orders M. Thiers was put into the little camp bed which he carried about with him in all his journeys. While this was being done, Dr. Barthe of Paris, who usually attended him, was being telegraphed for, and on his arrival he at once saw that it was a hopeless case. M. Thiers was struck down by apoplexy, due either to a rush of blood to the head, or to an effusion of serum. Dr. Barthe applied leeches behind the ear, and other remedies, but none had the slightest effect. M. Thiers remained without consciousness until the hour of his death, a few minutes past six o'clock.

This last event, when it came, I am told, was not so terrible to those who stood by his bedside as the first few moments of his seizure. His efforts to articulate, as he sat in the chair by the window, are described as something frightful to witness. He seemed to be wrestling with death for a moment's power of expression. His fingers moved as though he were making signs for a pen, while his features were distorted into a positive grimace in his attempt to speak. At this sight the fortitude of Mme. Thiers altogether gave way, and she shrieked for help. Her sister—a woman of remarkable strength of mind, for whom the old statesmen always had as much respect as affection—was perfectly composed; and there was nothing but her awful paleness to show that she was aware of the gravity of the situation. M. Thiers died in her arms.

Selections.

SHIPWRECK OF DR. AND MRS. HARVEY.

[Just at the last moment for insertion this month, we have received the following touching account of the vicissitudes to which our dear friends have been exposed. We need not bespeak for them the sympathy of our readers.—Ed. C. M.]

Mrs. HARVEY writes:—"Gregory's Middle Island, July 21st, 1877. We left Rangoon on the 8th inst., as you will have heard, with the intention of going as far as Penang in the steamer Kurrachee, and then taking another steamer to Shanghai. We reached Maialmain on the 9th, where we spent three very happy days, which I may be able to tell you about at some future time. We proceeded safely on our journey until the 18th, anchoring at night on account of the numerous islands. On the morning of that day, between six and seven a. m., we were sitting at the end of the saloon taking our early cup of coffee with our Bibles in our hands, just ready for our morning reading, when bump, bump, bump went the steamer three times, and we knew in a moment that we had struck upon a rock, a sensation never to be forgotten. My first thought was a prayer to God to save all our lives, my second a feeling of thankfulness that our sweet little Harold was safe in Heaven, the idea of his meeting death by drowning being too

terrible. There was one cry from the other end of the ship, 'She's on the rocks!' Another moment and the mate appeared at the saloon-door with a white face, saying, 'Don't be frightened, each make a small bundle of things, and then to the boats.' For a few moments we knelt in our cabin (i.e., my husband and myself), commending ourselves to our Father's care; then rolling up a couple of rugs, putting two or three things quickly in my little hand-bag, in an almost incredibly short space of time, I was hauled over the side of the steamer into the boat below. A poor Burmese woman with her three children quickly followed, then my husband, and the only other cabin passenger, with two or three Chinese, and the third mate. A keg of water and a few biscuits were then handed over the side, with a few valuables, such as a chronometer, a pistol, important papers, each with the request, 'Mrs. Harvey, please try and save this,' and we made for the island upon which we are now remaining, about two miles from the ship.

"Oh, what an interminable time it seemed before we reached the shore! But, thank God, we did reach it at last, or nearly so. A good-natured Burman took me in his arms, while the rest waded through the water, and thus we safely landed, and, looking back, we saw another boat following, while a third was putting off from the steamer. Thanking God for thus far saving our lives, I sat down on the sand to keep guard over the few things saved, while my husband went to see whether he could discover any signs of water on the island. In less than half-an-hour he returned, filling our hearts with thankfulness by the good news that he had found a beautiful stream of clear water. This was indeed a cause for thanksgiving, for we knew how terrible it would be if we should have to remain here long and no water to be had. Meanwhile, another boat safely reached the shore with some of the crew, bringing three bags of rice and some ship-biscuits, and immediately my husband, with two or three who were willing to assist him (the rest sat down and began to eat and drink as fast as they could) gathered together wood to make a fire and boil a kettle, that we might have some tea ready for those who had not yet arrived, and who would, as we knew, be exhausted and weary. The Captain, of course, was the last to come ashore. We tried to give him a cheerful welcome, and then for a few moments the poor man broke down. But truly we had much to be thankful for. Every life was saved, sixty in all, mostly Indians. There was no scarcity of water, and a sufficiency of food to last for some little time at least. Many an anxious look we cast to the poor old steamer, expecting to see her sink or fall over; but instead of that she broke in two, the aft-part of the vessel sinking, but the fore-part remaining firmly fixed upon the rock. By this means, various expeditions have been made to her, and the few sheep and fowls rescued, so that there is thought to be a sufficiency of food to last for a month. For ourselves we have lost nearly everything, our goods being all in the aft part of the vessel, and the cabins were under the water within a few minutes of our leaving. The awnings and sails having been rescued, the captain speedily had a small sort of tent put up for us, with another at some little distance for the men and officers; and here, with a rug spread upon the sand, we laid down to rest at night, though, what with excitement, heat, mosquitoes, stinging ants, and the fear of snakes or wild animals, I cannot pretend to say we had much sleep.

"I ought not to have omitted to mention that after partaking of our evening meal of sea biscuits and fowl, my husband read a Psalm and prayed, while we all joined in singing the Doxology. At daybreak the following morning, the first mate with a few sailors put off in one of the boats to try and reach the small town of Ranory, in Siam, about forty miles distant, and see whether the Rajah there could help us in any way by sending large boats, for very few steamers pass this way. This is the fourth day, and as yet there is no sign of his return. God grant that relief may come soon, for this being the rainy season everything is very damp, and we are all likely, I fear, to suffer in consequence; but the Lord knows our need though He has seen fit to try us sorely during the past few months; nevertheless, 'in Him will we trust.'

"22nd.—This is Sunday, the fifth day of our stay on this uninhabited island, and still no sign of relief. Truly 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick,' but we have been comforting our hearts by reading some of the precious promises in the Psalms, and other portions of God's Word, as well as singing hymns to cheer and strengthen one another.

'Water I do, where'er I be,
'Tis God's own Hand that leadeth me.'

If Mr. Harris, the first mate (about whom the cap-

tain is getting very anxious), does not return to-day. Mr. McCleod, who is commissioner for Malevoon, has requested to be sent off to an island about fifty miles distant, where there are natives living, and which is in his own district. He is himself half Burman, and the few Burmese of our party will be sent in the boat with him. This will lessen our numbers, which is desirable, on account of the scarcity of food, though, thank God, we have a sufficiency for our wants, and before that fails, may the Lord indeed send us relief! What we suffer most from at the present time is the excessive damp. The little clothing we have is beginning to rot from the damp, and the heavy rains are so frequent, that there is no possibility of drying them. This, in my husband's state of health, is peculiarly trying to him.

July 27th.—Several days have elapsed since I last wrote, as you may see. On Monday, the 23rd, at 3 A. M., the bell was rung, which was the given signal that a boat was approaching. Quickly were we all on the watch for her, and before long we recognised first mate's voice, returning in one of our own boats, and followed by a Chinese junk, sent by the Rajah of Ranory. Truly, when we saw what sort of a boat it was, and heard the mate's report, we hesitated greatly as to whether we should go or wait for a steamer. The captain, however, seemed to think it better we should go, and fearing much the effects of the damp if we remained, eighteen of our party went on board, six English, six Burmese, and some sick Lascars. It was expected that we should reach Ranory in about eighteen hours, and accordingly sufficient food and water were supplied us to last that time. Instead of reaching it in eighteen hours, we spent three days and nights in vainly attempting to reach Ranory, and the miseries of those three days it would be difficult to describe. Crouched upon the deck with scarcely room to turn, exposed to the burning heat of the sun, and to heavy squalls of wind and rain, sickened with the fumes of opium-smoking, with very little food and still less water, I must leave you to imagine what we suffered. On the third morning, seeing that we made no progress, simply beating about from island to island, the wind being dead against us, we begged the pilot to take us back to the island we had left. This he flatly refused to do; but an hour and a half later, the sea rising to such a height that it seemed every instant as if the boat would be swamped, the boatmen turned of their own accord, being, I suppose, convinced of the impossibility of proceeding; and with the wind in our favour in a few hours' time we again caught sight of our island. On our way though, much to our surprise, we saw two of our own boats in the distance evidently making for Ranory, but keeping close into the islands, and so apparently getting along far better than we had done. This made us fear that we should find the island deserted, but when we drew sufficiently near we descried the smoke of a fire, and so knew that some one must still be there. Presently to our joy we saw a boat putting off, and at length were rejoiced by hearing the captain's voice. Just as his boat came up to us there came on a heavy squall, and in about two minutes we were all drenched to the skin. This seemed nothing, however, so thankful were we to reach land once more, and our desert island, with all its difficulties, was paradise compared to that terrible junk. We had yet a mile to walk along the shore in the pouring rain to reach the tent (our own small tent had been taken down), and there, after having some food, we thankfully took off all our wet clothing, and wrapping ourselves in a warm blanket we laid down, having no dry clothing to put on, the few things we possessed being still in the junk, and it being impossible to bring it to shore that night.

"We found only the captain, one engineer, and a few men remaining on the island, and had we reached a few hours earlier should have found it quite deserted. It seemed that after we left some of the men became terrified lest they should be attacked by Chinese pirates; this fear communicated itself even to some of the officers; and so the captain granted their request that they might put off in the boats to try and reach Ranory. Three of the boats accordingly started, and a Chinese junk coming by at the same time, the captain with the engineer and remaining men agreed to follow the boats. Like ourselves, however, after being out a day and night, and passing such a night as even he had never passed before, they were driven back to the island, which they reached about two hours before we did; and here we must remain in the hope of being rescued by a steamer.

"29th.—Yesterday morning, before we had been up very long, there was a shout from the captain, 'Pack up your things, the "Ananda" is coming,' and on running out of the tent truly we saw what appeared

to be a steamer. Anxiously we watched her approach, while our one boat put off to meet her; but even before it had time to reach, we saw to our joy the steamer putting off a boat also, and knew that we were looked for. Before long two other boats put off, and in less than two hours we found ourselves safely on board. How we knelt and thanked our heavenly Father for thus answering our many prayers, I need scarcely say. We are now at Mergui on our way to Rangoon, and from there I trust it may please God to take us safely back to England. To attempt to go to China would be out of the question. What we have suffered has greatly tried even the strongest of us, and for my husband, in his weak state, the wonder is that he has survived it at all. Of course he is suffering in consequence, and I fear is likely to do so. I only trust that by hastening home, with care and rest, his health may yet be in some measure restored.

"July 31st.—I must finish this at once, in readiness for the mail, which we may meet before reaching Rangoon. You will, I am sure, remember us in prayer."

Dr. HARVEY writes from Rangoon on Aug. 8th: "For purpose (D. V.) to leave here on the 17th inst. for Calcutta, so as to catch the steamer 'Dorunda,' which leaves for England on the 25th; so we hope to be home about Oct. 10th. The American missionaries here are exceedingly kind to us, helping us with clothing and necessary articles for journeying, in a most warm and affectionate way."—*China's Millions*.

ACCORDING TO YOUR FAITH.

A LADY was sent this summer, by the owner of a large garden, to gather some flowers for herself. A perfect wealth of beauty and fragrance lay around her, so she gathered what she thought a lovely bouquet, and returned more than satisfied to show it to the owner, who, to her surprise, exclaimed indignantly, "What a *small* bunch! Was there not sufficient of every kind of flower? And it is almost all of one color, and you have none of that sweetscented geranium!"

The lady confessed to herself that, although almost unconscious of it at the time, it was a want of trust in the perfect generosity of the owner of the garden, a fear of gathering the choicest of the flowers, which caused the smallness of her bouquet, that still so perfectly satisfied herself.

Is there not a lesson for us here? What a wealth of treasure does not our Father daily place around His children, and how little, comparatively, they gather!

What an amount of loveliness and perfume which words utterly fail to express is to be found in His Word! Do we gather all we might? Perhaps some portions are partaken of in preference or to the exclusion of others; the flowers are too much of one color—the promises without the commands, the injunctions without the grace promised for their supply, the exhortations to study those sweet-scented but unshowy plants, such as humility, and patience, not as much cared for, as those which concern our work. Has all its due proportion? Do we gather sufficiently of the Rose of Sharon, of the Lily of the valley; do we find Him everywhere? Now let us look at a very few of the "gatherings" mentioned in the Word. So many, so various, so beautiful are the scenes represented, it would lead us too far to take them all.

What a comfort there is, for those who are temporarily or permanently laid aside by illness, in the words, "He that gathered *little* had no lack." They have experienced the truth of the words, "He that gathered much had nothing over," but it requires a great exercise of faith to trust that, now they are unable to gather so much, they will not suffer loss.

As, however, with the loaves and fishes, if the "little" be brought to Him, His blessing upon it can make it a "feast of fat things," enough and to spare for others if we will share it with them.

Again, what a word of warning there is for us in the words, "He that gathereth not with me, scattereth." And what a blessed example in these, "The apostles gathered themselves together unto Jesus." We Christians can understand the happiness of those small gatherings of which He is the centre.

But to pass on. Let us contemplate for a few minutes the richness of the field of lovely flowers which our Father places at our feet. We are told of "the love of Christ which passeth knowledge,"—of "the peace which passeth all understanding,"—of "the exceeding riches of His grace,"—that "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think,"—of "the exceeding greatness of His

power to us-ward who believe,"—that we may be "strengthened with might according unto His glorious power,"—that we may be "filled with the fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ,"—that we may be "filled with all the fullness of God,"—that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him,"—"in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,"—that "it pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell." Well may we be told, too, "All things are yours," and that "Christ is all;" and well may St. Paul exclaim, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."

How is it, then, that we remain so poor when we might be rich? Do we not disappoint and grieve our heavenly Father by not taking what He intends us to possess?

With many of us it was our unbelief which prevented our realizing present salvation; we doubted the extent of our Father's liberality; thought it could not be intended for us as a present possession till we searched and found it even so. Again, present salvation from the power and dominion of sin was supposed to be too rich a gift, too choice a flower for us; we thought it a delusion till we searched and found it was true, and were humbled to find what low ideas we had indulged of our Father's bounteous generosity. And now, let us not hesitate to partake of the abundance set before us, let us not be clothed in rags when we might be dressed like princes, nor be perfectly satisfied with the small bouquet.

Perhaps we think we have done much when we have gathered but a little of His bounty, forgetting that He wants us to be large possessors, plentiful gatherers; He sets no limit: He says, "abundantly, O beloved!" (Cant. v. 1).

The choicest flower of all,—unbroken communion with Himself, the abiding in Him,—how earnestly He presses it upon us, and yet how liable it is to slip out of our hands, possibly because they are so full of "other things" (see Mark iv. 19); how humbling that we should allow these to rob us of our choicest treasure, our Rose of Sharon. Our Lord speaks of many "gatherings;" among them how often (as though the thought were a very precious one to Him, and He loved to dwell upon it) of "gathering" His own people Israel out of the lands where they have been scattered, and bringing them into their own land, just as an earthly father, whilst it grieves him to give the needful punishment, is dwelling most, and with much pleasure, on the moment when he may again embrace his erring child.

These "gatherings," however, are to be accomplished chiefly through the agency of others; but how lovely is the bouquet He himself delights to gather and wear—the tender buds!—those dearest to the mother's heart! for does He not say, "He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom?"—(*Times of Refreshing*). J. G.

"THE BLOODY ASSIZE."

UNDER this terribly suggestive heading, recalling deeds which are, after the lapse of two centuries, still remembered with terror in our western counties, Dr. Humphry Sandwith writes to the *Daily News*, detailing some of the horrible crimes which are being perpetrated in Bulgaria whilst we write, in the name of Turkish justice. In the cities of Adrianople and Philippopolis, he says, all the wealthy Bulgarians are being hung, and their property confiscated, the governor of the former city telegraphing that fifty Bulgarian notables have been hung in three days. Even a doctor attending on the English surgeons was taken from his work and hung. It is enough to be a Bulgarian, to be a Christian, still more to be of the oppressed race and possess property; above all, to have dared in any form to aspire after freedom, for a swift and fearful death to follow. Only within the last day or two have two Bulgarian merchants, well-known in Manchester, having received their education at Owen's College, been saved from an ignominious death, more, we fear, through the intervention of the American Minister than through that of Mr. Layard. And their crime was that they were suspected of having written letters to the *Times* revealing the atrocities of Turkish rule. And if Bulgarians occupying the position of these merchants are being doomed to death upon such grounds, the most faintly-whispered charge of disloyalty must be enough to send to the gallows those who possess no such powerful protection. If any pretence of a trial be made, it is but that of a drum-head court-martial—a tribunal never, even held by English officers, very careful to distinguish between innocence and guilt, but when presided over by Turks, by such fiendish butchers as Chevet Pasha, and when the prisoners belong to a subject race and another faith, certain

to be only a mere formal preliminary before execution. The *Times* correspondent, writing from the Relief Camp at Carlova, draws a picture of the "terror" in Bulgaria which makes the flesh creep. Where there were some 30,000 inhabitants only 5,000 or 6,000 women and children, and about a dozen men, are left. For six agonising weeks Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians "have come and gone at their own hellish will, and their helpless quarry have been cooped up like fowls awaiting their inevitable turn." In not one house was there "a scrap of movable property to be discovered, nor a rag, except those which had been half torn from the wearers' backs." Not a woman was there who had not had to fly before ruffians, in the too-often vain attempt to save herself from outrage. All night the screams of these poor creatures could be heard, as they were left starving and in darkness, a prey to Asiatic savages. The scenes, when the emaciated women and children crept trembling out of the fever-stricken houses to be fed by English charity, were simply harrowing. And these people but a few weeks before had been in comfortable circumstances. Their only crime was that they were Bulgarians. In one house, nailed up from within, were a number of little children, who had been for forty days living on graps; but these were all gone when the English party came up. "Where is our father?" was their one piteous cry. But the cry for fathers, husbands, sons, goes up everywhere throughout this region which Turkish devilry has blasted. A vain cry, for they swing on the gallows of Philippopolis and Adrianople. The destruction wrought at Sopot, says the *Times* correspondent, was such that he was unable to find words in which to describe it. "Every Bulgarian home has been reduced to a heap of stones, bricks, and tiles." In one garden "two long, fair plaits of a woman's hair were protruding through the soil," whilst in another part lay a skull which had been picked by the dogs. "We went into no more gardens," he adds, "but in several the dreadful dogs were busy." A nunnery and convent had been destroyed, and the starving nuns who have survived are now hiding in caves and rocks, or among the ruins of the town. One or two kind-hearted and generous Turkish soldiers, of the regular troops, were here met with, and we mention the fact, as it is almost the only instance we have come across of Ottoman humanity. The story of the destruction of this town is the common one. The Russians having occupied it for a short time, the Mahometans were disarmed, and one or two killed in street rows. A few of the Bulgarians sympathised with the Russians. Upon the withdrawal of the latter and the entry of the Turkish forces, the indiscriminate slaughter of the inhabitants and the pillage of the place began. When their commander ordered them to desist they ratiined, and locked him up, continuing their horrid work until the regulars arrived. Such are the lawless robbers and murderers which Turkey is now letting loose upon Europe. Rarely, indeed, however, does a Pasha oppose the savage instincts of these wretches. When Suleiman surrounded Eski-Sagra, a town of 20,000 people, "he murdered," says Dr. Sandwith, "every one, the wounded Russians in the hospital, the women and young girls, and the babes at the breast." And it is in such victories that Englishmen, blinded by traditions and prejudices, by fears and passions, and which an unscrupulous Tory Press day by day revives, and works upon, and stirs up, are found capable of rejoicing. Is our Christianity such a hollow imposture that we have ceased to pay respect to it even in words? Have we tasted blood and found ourselves tigers, eager only to spring upon the carcass of a dead civilisation? It cannot be. The traveller shudders as he passes now through Glencoe at the tale of massacre; but every valley in Bulgaria is to-day the scene of fouler crimes than were witnessed two hundred years ago, in Scotland. Englishmen will wake up to a sense of their present delusion, and will shrink back with horror from the blood-stained hand which, at present, not a few are ready to grasp. And the ministry, the representative of this country abroad, and the Press, whose moral support has been lent to the Power which is making shambles of Bulgaria, will be remembered only with infamy.—(*Chr. World*.)

FAITH IN PREACHING.

BY GORDON FORLONG.

THE following brief notes on this important subject have been forwarded as by the writer from New Zealand:—

After returning from our Sunday morning meeting, I was led to consider how great a matter faith is in preaching. First, faith in the *subject* we preach, faith in its great truth and power, and faith that we

understand our subject. As one gets older, one loses all faith in random subjects, casually picked up in our reading. If the Spirit gives us a subject, He gives us very clear views about it, and He commands us to *search* Scripture, and compare Scriptures; and the man who preaches on a subject which he has not closely studied beforehand does not understand God's way. All the Prophets are included in the following words: "Of which salvation the Prophets have *inquired and searched diligently* who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you." This gives us, I think, a godly and expectant faith in our subject.

Faith that the right people have come to hear us is the next great point, and that therefore it is not our duty to pass over any point in the exposition, but to expound verse by verse, although some portions may, in our ignorance, not seem applicable to the people. We are liable to think we know what is best to give, and we pass over some treasure, thinking it is too rich for them, or it is too sharp, or it touches certain debatable points, and may offend, or it will attack some Roman Catholic error or Ritualistic device, and be disapproved. Our imaginary wisdom is our folly, and we grieve the Spirit often, I fear, by turning aside His sword when it is sharp, and ready, and applicable: We are often cowards when the Christians are commending us; and if they knew better, they would condemn us only for our cowardice in avoiding the Holy Ghost's own subjects.

For instance, I can remember three or four occasions when an ordinary subject led me to contrast the truths written with Roman Catholic errors, and the truth was blessed. A Roman Catholic lady was in the congregation, being persuaded by a Christian daughter to come only once, and that once was the Spirit's opportunity. She wondered at her own errors, and went home to examine Scripture. On another occasion, speaking of the types of Scripture, I endeavoured to show that Satan tried *now* to introduce all sorts of types and outward forms, because their day had passed away; just as in the days of Israel he tried to scorn and mock at types. I spoke of Rome as illustrating my subject, and at the close of the service a gentleman from abroad, a Roman Catholic, waited to tell me he saw the great error of his Church for the first time, and besought me to call and explain it also to his wife and family. I have no doubt he was enlightened by God, but his wife had no desire to know more. One of the last conversions I heard of from England was the conversion of a Roman Catholic at one of our meetings.

But a subject does not require to be distorted or twisted in order to bring in Bible truth, as opposed to man's Roman religion. Half the chapters in the New Testament teach truths that cut down some Roman Catholic branches, or Unitarian or infidel branches, and we should have faith that, by so teaching, we are establishing young saints in the truth, and possibly plucking some poor ensnared ones out of traps either already laid for them, or soon to be laid.

Our teaching must be for the future as well as the present. For instance, a young governess may be present, who is soon to enter a Roman Catholic family, compelled by circumstances to go where called; it is well she should be fortified beforehand. If evangelical clergymen had been warning their flocks years ago about Ritualism and Romanism, would the present High Church school ever have reaped such a harvest of "foolish virgins."

Further, we should have faith in applying our subject *practically* to those present. To preach practically all through is to preach in a very shallow way. Men should be taught deep, solid doctrines. Deep Scripture truths and abstract subjects ought not to be avoided, but the *deep* things of God dwelt upon. Yet these in Scripture are continually interwoven with practical truths, and applied personally to readers, and we should have faith in *applying* them, believing that, first, we the speakers require it for our *own* reproof, and, secondly, let us have faith that there are hearers who are sent by God to obtain these points.

If we had less faith in oratory, and personal wisdom, and style and manner, we would have *more* faith in God's Word. If a man has any outward gift, let him use it, but let him remember that Moses did not require it, although Moses fancied he *must* get it. It pleases the flesh of hearers; that is its power; and the man who forgets that he has the gift is more likely to lean on the Lord's arm only, and win souls. Christ's oratory, wisdom, style, and manner were all set forth by the fullness of the Holy Ghost in Him.

Worldly men can soon tell whether a preacher is thinking about his own style and manner rather than about his Master, Christ. They are good judges of pride and vanity, etc., because these are their native haunts on which they are always roaming.—(Word and Power.)

JESUS OUR PERFECTION.

BY T. W. LADD.

PARALLEL with every state of high spiritual development, we are sure to find sources of danger, and cause for prayerful solicitude; views entertained, and practices adopted, that tend to mar the Lord's work.

Hence we need not be surprised nor discouraged by the fact, that alongside of so much to cheer the heart of God's believing children, in these glorious days, when He is so reviving His work in the midst of the years (Hab. iii. 2), there is also cause for profound sorrow in seeing those upon whom bright talents, rich gifts, and means of grace have been bestowed, led away by a spirit of fanaticism, induced through morbid sensibility, and sometimes by false teaching, into excesses which injure them, distract the minds of others from "Jesus only," to their serious detriment; and afford the enemies of the cross, ground for scoffing at and ridicule of our "holy religion." How appropriate and necessary for all believers to possess in this day, is the gift spoken of by the Apostle (2 Tim. i. 7): "God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

These outward, and excessive developments, however, are not so much to be deplored as the lukewarmness and lethargy in the church of Christ, caused by so many professing Christians failing to enter into and enjoy their privileges in our risen Lord. Different causes tend to this sad result; such as the love of ease, and worldly pleasure, the fear of loss of reputation, the false idea of increased responsibility, etc.

But doubtless the most potent barrier to the promotion of holiness of heart and life, is a misapprehension of the meaning and teaching of those who press the doctrine and experience of present deliverance from the power of temptation and sin, accepting the precious truth that "God hath from the beginning chosen us to this wonderful fullness of salvation, through sanctification of the Spirit, and belief of the truth" (2 Thess. ii. 13), to be received as a definite instantaneous experience by entire consecration to, and full trust "in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." (1 Cor. i. 30.)

Those who are honestly ignorant, or wilfully blinded by prejudice, notwithstanding repeated and continued protest to the contrary, charge such believers with teaching an Adamic, angelic, or absolute perfection,—that which does not admit of growth, etc., instead of Christian perfection, or perfection in Christ, our perfect Saviour and Redeemer.

Again, saddest of all, in the progress of this blessed work, is the uncertain sound of the trumpet, on the part of some who profess to be "Higher Life" teachers; and yet who by implication, and frequently by direct charge cause those who have a clear Bible experience, with the erroneous and heretical teaching alluded to; and thus increase and perpetuate prejudice against the very doctrine and experience which they desire to promote. This tendency of mind and purpose often causes those who indulge it to make statements which, thought intended to be sound, are hard to be understood, admit of a variety of interpretations to suit different minds and prejudices, and require continual explanation; while the gospel teaching, with reference to this fullness of grace, is clear, simple, and definite; is never clothed in ambiguous language, but so plainly is this highway of holiness, and the steps by which it is entered upon, pointed out, that "the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." (Isa. xxxv. 8.)

A statement which I have lately seen in print, may be alluded to,—not to provoke controversy, but from the fact that it so well illustrates the difficulty under consideration. The writer says, "I do not claim perfection; there is not an hour that I do not feel that I come short of the perfect will of God. If I were perfect I should have ceased growing. But I have arrived at a state in which I feel no condemnation, and in my imperfectness am able to appropriate to myself the perfect redemption offered in the gospel of Christ."

The latter part of this statement is clear, sound, and easy to be understood, and seems to many in contrast with, and a contradiction of the former part.

We had supposed that the plain teaching of the gospel is that we are in accord with the perfect will of God, when through burial with Christ by baptism into death (to self and sin), we realize what it is also to be risen with Him, to walk in newness of life (Rom. vi. 4), up to the full measure of light we have, the precious atoning blood keeping us cleansed (1 John i. 7), so that our wills are swallowed up in His will, and the aspiration of soul continually is:

"Sweet will of God, I yield to Thee,
And all Thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
To love Thee more and more."

If it is not our privilege and duty to so comply with the conditions as to know the perfect will of God, why are we besought by the mercies of God to present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto Him, etc., in order that we may prove (know in our own experience) what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God. (Rom. xii. 1, 2.) And if we may thus prove and know the perfect will of God, He working in us both to will and to do His good pleasure (Phil. ii. 13), and yet feel that we hourly come short of it, surely we cannot in harmony with Scripture teaching, or reason, claim freedom from condemnation; a state utterly impossible for the child of God to maintain, who fails to accept every gospel privilege, and to comply with every requirement thereof, as soon as made known; God's commanding privileges always implying ability on our part to comply with them.

We find no warrant in the Bible for the idea or teaching that perfection in Christ does not admit of growth, but the exact reverse, namely, that the Christian is only, in any true sense, prepared to grow as he comes to realize heart-cleansing, and filling with perfect love; abiding in Christ Jesus the living Vine, having continual soul-union with Him by faith. It is as we come into this relation with Him, that we accept the fulfillment of His exceeding great and precious promises, and become partakers of the divine nature. (2 Pet. i. 4.)

The perfection or holiness being all in Jesus, and not in ourselves, only as we accept it in Him, it is alone through His righteousness that grace can reign in our lives by Jesus Christ. (Rom. v. 17.) And our perfection being in Christ, it is relative, not absolute, in nature or kind rather than in degree, that we are commanded (Matt. v. 48) to be perfect, even as God is perfect; this we see abundantly illustrated in nature, as well as in grace. The child may be just as perfect as the man, the rosebud as the full blown rose, yet neither are *perfected*,—the latter term expressing the thought or idea in the mind of many, when the term *perfect*, as used in the Scriptures, is spoken of.

Blessed indeed will it be when all Christians realize in their own experience the glorious gospel truth that we do not grow *into* sanctification, but that, accepting Christ Jesus the Lord as our sanctification and complete redemption, we come into a conquering position, and as we abide in Him, as the branch in the Vine, we are found bringing forth much fruit to His glory (John xv. 5), and growing up into Him in all things (Eph. iv. 15), recognizing that while "purity is not maturity," that purity is alone the healthy and normal condition of soul; and that it is only in this condition that we can grow, *not into but in grace*, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. (2 Pet. iii. 18.)

Another error not dissimilar, is the charge that a consecrated life of trust tends to self-reliance, self-complacency, ease, indifference to the well-being of others, etc. If such is ever the case with any making this high profession, it is because the object of their faith and love is not Christ Jesus, our perfect Saviour and Redeemer, but poor miserable self. None in whose lives such sad and untoward results are found, can truly say, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I [not the old carnal life], but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." (Gal. ii. 20.)

This true trust-life always produces and maintains distrust of self, conscious that in us, that is in our flesh (or carnal life), dwelleth no good thing (Rom. vii. 18), and that as it is only "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus," that can make us free from the law of sin and death (Rom. viii. 2), so it is alone by a continuous faith or life of momentary trust in Jesus, that we are or can be kept living to His praise and glory, or from being overcome by temptation and brought again into the commission of conscious sin, and consequent condemnation.

To say that,—because any confess to the glory of our keeping Saviour,—that, while they commit all to, and trust implicitly in Him, He keeps, saves us; that we profess to have come into a position or condition where we can be self-reliant, or independent of anything short of continual abiding in Him by momentary trust; would be as unreasonable and absurd as for the branch to say, "Because I am abiding in the vine, and am consequently full of life and nourishment, I can live independent of the vine," or source of supply and so sever of disconnect itself. For as exactly as in this case the result must prove fatal to the maintenance of natural life, so in the other with reference to spiritual life.

In regard to a life of ease and indifference to the well-being of others being compatible with a consecrated life of trust and rest in Jesus, no one who is conversant with the history of the Church of Christ and of the laborers in the Master's Vineyard, past or present, will make such a charge, or require added proof that those whose lips have been touched with the live coal from off God's altar (typical of the fiery baptism of the Holy Ghost), are they who continually say, "Here am I, send me:" (Isa. vi. 5-8;) while they ever confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father. (Phil. ii. 11.)

And "now [may] the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you [us] perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you [us] that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen." (Heb. xiii. 20, 21.)

KISSING—AND CLEAVING..

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"ORPAH kissed her mother-in-law; but Ruth clave unto her." The kiss was good; but the cleaving was better. Orpah showed that she had enough affection for the sad old mother of her dead husband to give her a kiss, but she had not enough to quit her native land, and go with her to the land of God's people. She could give what was cheap and easy: she was not ready to make the sacrifice that cost something.

In this pathetic little touch of human history pictured to us in the matchless story of the Moabish woman, we see a parable that illustrates thousands of experiences in our own days. To "salute" Christ by an act of public profession at His table is easy. It usually costs but little; for in these times it requires no great self-denial to join a Christian church. It may even be a popular step, and give one credit and currency in society. No "spoiling of goods" or dungeons await a profession of Christianity in America as it once did in Asia Minor and in Rome.

To the stereotype question "Do you love Jesus?" there are glib and ready answers often rendered that cost no more than Orpah's kiss. They are about as worthless. A friend tells me that he lately visited a young man who had attempted to commit suicide, and he was shocked to hear the youth affirm with the most careless presumption that "he loved Jesus Christ"! The same exhibitions of hollow sentimentalism are often made in prayer-meetings, or before the examining boards of churches. The "kiss" of profession is so easily given—it is so grateful to self-esteem, that the shallowhearted indulge in it without a scruple or a blush. In a little while these Orpahs are missed from the prayer-room and the communion table; they are off to their old companionship and "their own gods." They go out from Christ, because they were never of Him, for if they had been of Him they would have continued with Him.

It cost something for Ruth to cleave unto Naomi. We always feel glad that she could not have foreseen the handsome estate and the rich kinsman that was waiting for her at Bethlehem—for that would have subjected her to the suspicion of selfish motives in her choice. She acted from principle and with no hope of earthly reward. "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God," was a noble confession of faith. The beauty of it lay in the fact that she carried it out, and took the decisive steps that showed her heart and conscience was in what she said.

The glowing excitements of a Revival commonly fill up our church-memberships with not a few Orpahs among the genuine godly-minded Ruths. In a little while the Orpahs are back in the world again, to their own sin, and the Church's sorrow. Profession is easy; then comes the test of performance. Revivals cover the threshing-floor with sheaves. The dullard and more monotonous seasons that come afterwards winnow out the wheat from the chaff. In this solemn and significant fact lies the reason why, with all the occasional large gatherings, the actual working force of Christians increases so slowly.

The enlistment, the dress-parades have no hardships in them. The bivouacs and the battles are the real test of the mettle. An equally good one is to be willing to lie wounded in the hospital without complaining. Christ puts His professed disciples to the test very soon. Those cleave to Him, and those only, who have a vital union to Him by faith and the regenerating Spirit. Cleaving costs the sacrifice of pride in one, and the sacrifice of ease and comfort in another, of stubborn self-will in a third; it often costs a sharp battle with unruly appetites and lusts.

It was of this persistent hold to Him, this patient continuance in right-doing, that Jesus spake when He said "Abide in me." The branches that cleave unto the vine bear the rich clusters. Godly living depends upon just this one thing—heart-cleaving unto Christ.

Holiness means the daily doing of His will, the daily keeping of His commandments. The religion we want now-a-days is the religion that is fast-anchored enough to stand the strain of strong temptations—in the counting-room, the shop, the political meeting, the social circle as well as in the church and the closet. Cleaving to Jesus holds a man anywhere. Of such the dear Master says "None shall be able to pluck them out of my hands." Jesus was once betrayed with a kiss. But Jesus will never betray the humblest follower who cleaves to Him in simple faith, and the daily doing of His commandments.—(N. Y. Evangelist.)

A GOOD NAME OF GOD.

BY PROF. W. M. BARBOUR, D. D.

HEAR how it comes to us: "For when we were come into Macedonia, our flesh had no rest, but we were troubled on every side; without were fighting, within were fears. Nevertheless, God, that comforteth those that are cast down, comforted us by the coming of Titus; and not by his coming only, but by the consolation wherewith he was comforted in you, when he told us your earnest desire, your mourning, your fervent mind toward me." Thus wrote Paul to the Corinthians, and we seek to fasten the eyes of the cast down upon this name he gives to God, if so be that seeing it, they, too, may be comforted.

"God, who comforteth the cast down." According to this, to comfort the sad is a divine employment. At first sight this may seem out of keeping with the divine dignity. But when we look again, there is no undue condescension visible. Man is in the divine image, and if his heart is worth making, it is worth caring for. Moreover, God doth know that nothing can comfort man like His own interest in him. For what is a human sorrow but the cry of a soul in depression for some other soul of like feeling to sustain, and if possible to deliver. A hand strong to smite has struck, a hand strong to save must help. Deep calls unto deep, and when the deep grief merges into the greater deep of a responding God, there is peace. Augustine says: "Let my soul calm itself in Thee; I say: Let the great sea of my soul, that swelleth with waves, calm itself in Thee."

Given us, as a name of God, by the same authority which gives us God as the "King Eternal," we may think of Him employed as diligently in comforting the cast down, as in ruling the universe. And, if so, the heart that is inconsolable is a heart that knows not the living and true God; that is, gives no access to the love of the Father, nor to the peace of the Son, nor to the comfort of the Holy Ghost. Of course, such a heart can but live in its own aching void. But whoever knows God aright, knows Him as taking the sorrowing and their sorrows into His own wide affection, showing that, in a better sense than the poet sang it:

"He that hath most of heart,
Hath most of sorrow."

But let us look at this apple of gold in its picture of silver. We find it fitly framed for us in human trials and human sympathies. The name gleams out of a darkness common to men. The good man who speaks it complains of no more than most ministers of the gospel, in their own measure, have to bear. He was anxious about his first letter to Corinth. He was a stranger on a journey. He was depressed because the gospel did not spread as he wished it. "Without were fightings, within were fears." But this is ordinary life. And so it was that in dejections common to man the apostle says, God did comfort us, for He is in the way of comforting those in such a case.

And how? "By the coming of Titus." Here is a noble tribute to friendship; it is a divine comfort. The news from Corinth might have been revealed in a dream; might not have been delayed a day. But what a loss to miss the affectionate haste of Titus to tell it; what a loss to Titus to have no good news to tell. What a blank in the world, were man, who can bless his fellow denied the privilege. It may seem a small thing that a friend may call, and change a current of thought; but if the comforter of the sad heart by that means breaks up the monotony of woe, he has gained his end as effectively as though he should send Ithuriel with his spear, to threaten death for fears. "He comforted us by the coming of Titus." How many of us read providence after that

manner. But the friend was not all. What the friend told was a consolation. News of others' interest in us, news of the gospel's success in other minds, news of God's goodness to others in sorrow—these are God's consolations. That must be a defective view of divine influence, then, which shuts out the near and the visible, and counts nothing divine but the distant and the invisible. Since to us the present is the intensest point out of existence, the newest sorrow the keenest, the freshest sympathy the most availing, that is a good view of the divine order which makes the things about us bless us. Why should Paul dream of an angel from heaven, when Titus just from Corinth filled his soul with joy. God is in earth as well as in heaven, and Paul is not the man to slight what comes from God, be it borne by the lips of men rather than by the wings of angels. Of Him, and to him, and through Him, are all things; and to Him Paul ascribed not only the glory forever, but also the good cheer from Corinth.

Taking a parting look at this name in its setting, we notice the increase of its value, because we have it from God himself. He who spoke it did not give it as his own, but as a word which the Holy Ghost taught. (1 Cor. ii.) Sometimes it is thought of little value where or how a truth comes. "If so be that we have it, what matter whether from earth or heaven." Try this in an hour of sorrow. See the cast down about to take this precious name and claim its comfort as from God himself. Now bring in the plea against inspiration. "There is nothing here from heaven, nothing but the intense hyperbole of a poet, a bold oriental; it is of Paul's transcendent genius, not of the God who comforteth." What is this but to take bread from him who is ready to perish. "Give me one word from God," cries the sinking heart, "and I am stayed in my grief. Take that word away, as a word from Him to me, and in vain do you tell me of poetic genius, highly attained powers, glorious possibilities of human nature. Miserable comforters are ye all. One word from the Heavenly Father is a pearl worth all your tribe." The cast down are the last to let go the inspiration of the Bible, for the very good reason that their last hope expires when their Heavenly Father has no word for them in the dark day. And yet we are asked to give up inspiration for the enfranchisement of "humanity"!

This name of God, thus set, suggests to us the deliveration with which sorrow must have been viewed as a factor in human discipline. He who sees the end from the beginning must have laid out our checkered life, for He has put in elaborate provisions for the meeting of both joy and sorrow. See the make of the soul for the giving and receiving of sympathy, see the use of friendship, see the names God calls himself by. My sorrowing reader, that you are not sad by chance, this name of God may show. Think you that the God only wise, reveals himself to us in names and relations, which, after all, may chance to be of no use. No, my sad-hearted friend, the God who comforteth the cast down knew for what, and for whom, this name went into the everlasting gospel.

Art thou one of the many on whom this eye rested when the name was written? If so, what is thy thought of it, as thou readest it to-day?—(Congregationalist.)

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

London, November 9th: A despatch has been received from Ghazi Ahmed Mukhtar, in which he describes the fighting on the 5th instant at Develboyun as an attack on his Right Wing which was repulsed, but that his centre was compelled to succumb to the Russian attack. Ghazi Mukhtar states that he is fortifying the positions around Erzeroum.—Canon Titcomb has been nominated Bishop of Rangoon.

Paris, 9th: The Republican Bepnties have elected a permanent Republican Committee, eighteen of whom have been invested with full powers.

London, 10th: Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha has sent a telegraphic despatch to the Porte, in which he states that at 4 a. m. yesterday the Russians made an attack on the Turkish positions at Azizie, and that a severely contested engagement ensued which lasted until 2. p. m. and resulted in the Russians being defeated with very heavy loss. The Turks pursued their enemies for two hours as far as Develboyun. All the ditches along the route are described as being filled with the Russian dead.

11th: The Russians are bombarding Batoum.—Ex-Sultan Murad the Fifth has been accused of conspiracy and is now confined in the palace of Top Capon. Many arrests have been made in connection with the conspiracy.—The Russian army of the Dobrudscha is again advancing towards Silistria.

Madras, 11th: The receipts for the Famine Fund amount to a very large sum; more is yet coming in. The arrangements for relieving distress in the Presidency are

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